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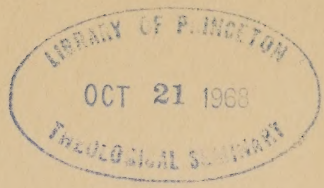


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On being a missionary

To my classmate
John Mackay

Paul Melrose



On Being a Missionary

by

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REV. PAUL C. MELROSE

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Dedicated

to

JOHN A. MACKAY

Classmate and my Inspiration through the years

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WHY BE A MISSIONARY?

MY MEMORY GOES BACK TO RIDING IN a sedan chair across scorching plains, winding along watery paddy fields, and over steaming jungle roads. It goes back to small-boy seasickness in a great gray liner on a storm-tossed ocean. It goes back to childish embarrassment at being the object of curiosity and pity. "He was born in China; he is a missionary's son!" The thought grew in me that the strangest, most lonesome creature in the world is a foreign missionary. I resolved that I would never be a missionary.

But what happened? Early in life I volunteered to be a missionary. My wife and I, both of us twenty-five, sailed the storm-tossed ocean, rode along the tiny paddy-field roads and crossed the scorching plains. We spent thirty years in sub-tropical China, raised a family there and would be there still if the Chinese Communists had not barred the way.

After all these experiences, what should I say about the life of a missionary? All that you can say about its privations, disease and isoation is true, too true, but being a missionary is fun—the most joyous kind of fun.

You say that your grandfather was a pioneer who risked his life in Indian country and helped to conquer the prairie? Often the missionary must out-pioneer the pioneer. You say you are an engineer and would bridge the wild torrent and blast a smooth highway across the mountains? Missions has

a place for you. You say you are a surgeon and your aim is to remake broken bodies? You can find fulfillment on the mission field. You are a teacher and would teach the young how to grow in wisdom? There are no more eager students than those found in mission schools. You say you are commissioned to preach the Gospel? No better opportunity than the mission field. Among the teeming millions of Asia not more than five out of a thousand have accepted Christ. Christ's commission: "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," is a call that comes to you, to me, to every Christian. There is no better way of obeying that command than by becoming a missionary.

When we compare the recognized professions, we find that the question of motive is most important for a missionary. I do not know many who chose to be missionaries just because they liked the idea. They were *called* to be missionaries.

To some it might be a siren call: "Be a missionary and see the world!" Travel has a wonderful lure about it. Missionaries see strange lands and rub elbows with many kinds of people. There is glamour in it. But if this siren call is the only voice you have heard, you had better not go—just forget all about it. Glamour soon wears off and the missionary finds himself in a situation which has no glamour in it. Perhaps he is all alone in a small station in the jungle, sweating out tropical days and nights, studying a language six hours or more a day. Truly, he must have more than glamour to hold him.

Then again it may be "the white man's burden" kind of call. The recruit feels that we, as possessors of civilization, have a call to civilize others. Surely Africa and India and China are so "backward" because they lack "know-how." They need education and reform. This is a call to follow the will of the wisp. It does not take long for the newcomer to discover that India, China and Japan have civilizations of their

own and unless he is an expert in his own civilization, he will receive a good deal more civilization than he gives. My own experience has been in China. I say that the reason China has been called the "sick man of Asia" is not because China lacks culture and civilization. Her trouble stems from a lack of public morality. In other words, the problem is "sin," and the answer to that problem is Jesus Christ. Once a missionary to Africa was asked why he did nothing to civilize the people. He replied that he brought them Christ and when they were converted they became civilized at the same time. "Seek ye first the Kingdom and all these things shall be added," said Christ. The world needs not reform but rebirth; not civilization but Christ.

But many of our young people are serious-minded. They respond to the call of duty. There is duty to God and to country. They have been called by the draft and have served their country in the armed forces. Likewise they serve God in answer to His call of duty. Is duty a true missionary call? I should vote "yes" on that. Robert E. Speer used to say that every young Christian had the duty to offer himself for God's service. If he found the door closed to that service, then he might say it was not God's will for him to go. God's way of saving men is through the testimony of other men. "There is no other name given under heaven, whereby we must be saved." Men are inevitably lost unless they hear the old, old story and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. How shall they hear without a preacher? How shall they preach unless they be sent? God has laid upon the church the duty of preaching the Gospel to every creature. Unless we heed the call of duty, millions will remain in darkness and be lost.

Is this the end of the matter? Is duty the highest call we hear? No. The man who hears only the call of duty leads a rather drab life. He soon falls into a dreary routine. Paul says,

"If I have faith which can move mountains and have not love, I am nothing." Let us heed the call of love as well as duty. I do not say love alone, but love and duty. Love without the backbone which duty gives is wishy-washy, but love and duty together make a good team. "Love suffereth long and is kind; love never faileth." "God so loved the world that He gave His Son." God first loved us; therefore we ought to love one another. Paul's motives for missionary work certainly included love, for he says, "For the love of God controls us."

Let us consider again our high calling. There is a voice we have not yet considered. It is common to see on the corner-stones of churches: "Erected to the glory of God." But how seldom do we think of the glory of God as a missionary motive! Yet it was one of the great motives which stirred Jesus. In John 17 He says: "I have glorified thee on earth, I have completed the task thou gavest me to do." What does it mean to seek God's glory? So many of us refuse to use the word "glory" because it has lost its meaning for us. The world's idea of glory is one thing, but we find quite another meaning in the Bible. Glory in the first place has within it the idea of light. We see this meaning in the verse: "The glory of the Lord shone round about them." The glory of the Lord can refer to God's light, to His Majesty, to His honor and to His character. Let us seek the glory of God as Jesus sought it. It is to the glory of God that His Kingdom should come here on earth, as it has already come in heaven. It is for God's glory that we should ascribe to Him all honor, adoration, praise, power and dominion. These are the driving motives which should carry us through our years of missionary service: duty, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel"; love, "For the love of God controls us"; glory, "Every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

OFF TO A GOOD START

NOW WE HAVE SETTLED THE QUESTION of "Why be a Missionary?" We have sifted missionary motives. We have had our call and we believe the call has come from God. We have said, "Here am I, Lord, send me!" What comes next?

It takes a long time for God to make a tree, and God and man working together take a long time to make a missionary. Man is never too young to begin this process and to the end of his career the process goes on.

The naval recruit may suffer acutely in boot camp but come out of training a jolly tar. So, too, the early days of "volunteering" may be hard to bear. The Christian recruit is immediately set apart. His fellow collegians may call him "holy Joe" or a "queer duck." Some may give him the cold shoulder, but others warm to him in cordial friendship. It is one of the critical periods in the youth's life. He goes to his Lord for strength. Jesus' words come to him: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God." He learns early the cost of discipleship. Then the spirit of Christ comes upon him and he burns with eagerness to be off. His spirit mounts up with wings like an eagle; but he has not learned yet how to walk and not be weary.

At this time one temptation is bound to assail him. There

is a pitfall to be avoided. High school and perhaps some college is behind him. He is anxious to go to work, to be wed, to get started on his lifework. Why endure the drudgery of professional school? Where may money be found for seminary or medical school? Why not go out right away?

Here is where youth should listen to the voice of experience. Go slowly now, prepare carefully and you will more than make up for it later on. Don't begrudge the hardship of thorough preparation. You can do your best in any work only if you are prepared. Full preparation is also going to help you in your usefulness as a missionary. As I said before, we are not the only people of culture under the sun. The Hindus, Chinese, Japanese and others have high culture. You cannot command their respect unless you yourself are a man of culture, a person with academic achievements to his credit. Historically the Presbyterian Church has required the best possible education for its clergy. It also has high standards for its missionaries. Both policies have brought good results.

From the moment of decision the volunteer should begin to act like a missionary. He should be missionary-minded—perhaps that is easy; and he should be a missionary in action, which is not easy. A missionary to China reaches out to those in need; a missionary candidate tries to help the needy next door. A missionary on the field is a soul-winner; the missionary candidate must also be a soul-winner. In fact, the Board of Foreign Missions may be adverse to commissioning the candidate who does not demonstrate missionary traits here in the homeland. The missionary on the field is giving a constant testimony through word and deed. The candidate must also be ready to testify to the faith which is within him.

If you want to get off to a good start as a missionary, you should go to professional school. It takes time and money.

That fact stares the candidate in the face like a mountain of difficulty, but your friends, your parents, and your Board know that too. Very often it is possible to get scholarship aid. I often think of the quaint remark I once read in *The Virginian*: the man said he could put up with a poor carpenter or farmer, "But deliver me from a middling man of God!" The missionary should get the best possible training.

There are certain moments of consecration in a young man's life which he can never forget. One is the time he kneels before the altar and pledges his troth to his life companion. Another is when the church lays its hands upon his head and ordains him to preach the unsearchable truths of Christ. Still a third comes in the life of a missionary. He is commissioned by the church to go forth a missionary.

With us everything seemed to happen at once. I was at Columbia and final exams were just over. The school year had ended, but this was no vacation for me. In haste I bought a new suit and took the train for Iowa. Esther, my fiancée, was also in a whirlwind of activity. She had finished her year of teaching and she and her sisters had hastily, but with their usual skill, made up her wedding outfit. The vows were said in the parlor of her country home, with Dr. Foster, our old college pastor, performing the ceremony. Our friends Fern and Fletcher Aitchison, from their farm sixty miles away, were among the guests. Soon we were on the train bound for New York.

There we met in the Board rooms at "156" with fifty or sixty other hopefuls for the commissioning conference. Various members of the Board briefed us on our duties, work and privileges as missionaries. We got to know the secretaries as flesh and blood people, not as mere signers of Board letters. There was the incomparable Robert E. Speer talking to us,

man-to-man. The high point of the week came at the close with the commissioning service and Communion. Now we were missionaries outward bound!

But the incident which remained greenest in my memory was the Sunday afternoon when I led Esther, bride of ten days, to the Chinese Presbyterian church where I had taught a class, and the jolly children of Pastor Huie Kin rushed out of the doorway and swarmed over us both.

July saw us back in Iowa. All our things were packed in trunks and boxes. Doctors had given us all sorts of shots in the arm. These did not give us any "lift," but some made us sicker than others. Our passports arrived from Washington. Goodbyes at the station strained our heartstrings almost to the breaking point. In the years to come we said goodbye many times, sometimes in China, and sometimes at home. They were always like the first goodbye; the world was about to fly to pieces and the sky about to fall. Yet these moments of emotion were blest of the Lord. They bound us closer to Him and to one another.

That first voyage to China was a launching out into the deep and a voyage of discovery. We discovered the glories of our own land as we crossed the Rockies and the Sierras. We discovered San Francisco as it sits there proudly by the Golden Gate. We discovered our fellow missionaries, thirty or more of whom were with us aboard the "Tenyo Maru." What is a sea voyage good for? To the unfortunate few it may be a blank interlude when they are seasick. My experience may not be typical. It certainly isn't like Esther's, for she has never been seasick. I get seasick at the least provocation. Yet I found that it could be overcome. Don't give in to it. After three or four crossings I was never actively seasick. A sea voyage, especially the first one, is an education, but to a mis-

sionary, voyages boil down to this: It is the best vacation he ever gets.

All too soon we began to touch at the Japanese ports and we were whirled up to Tokyo to see the capital, the Emperor's palace and mission stations. Then there was endless talk about dishes, kimonos and tortoise-shell boxes. After Japan came Shanghai and this was still a different world. Here were people jam-packed together who could make a living off the scraps which Americans toss in the garbage. We were seeing how "the other half" lived, with a vengeance. After Shanghai came Manila, with heat beating down in waves. Oldtimers there never would admit it was hot. I was proud of the Philippines. It was Oriental to be sure, but more than a little of America had been transplanted there.

We left the *Tenyo* at Hong Kong. I'll never forget the last night on board. We were caught in the tail of a typhoon. The *Tenyo* rolled. Now, all ships roll, especially if they are nearly empty, but the *Tenyo* could outroll them all. Tough little Jap sailors came into our room in the wee small hours and battened down the portholes. In Hong Kong the streets swarmed with Chinese, but it wasn't like Shanghai. Hong Kong is a British colony and the English-Chinese blend produced something new in the world.

We had a room in the Prince George Hotel and slept under a mosquito net for the first time. Soon we bought tickets for Hoihow on the French steamer *Hanoi*. A Cook's man put us aboard and commiserated with us on going to such a place—"the place that God forgot." In about thirty hours we were in Hoihow, yet we seemed not to have arrived. A tiny lighthouse stood on a strip of sand way in the distance. Soon tiny sails appeared from behind the sandspit and these soon became small junks. They came up and grappled our steamer

and up swarmed a horde of tattered coolies. One of them looked sharply at us and handed me a note: "Come ashore with the man who bears this note." It was signed by Street, a mission agent. In a couple of hours we were ashore and heartily welcomed by the Streets, McCandlisses, Gilmans and others. We had gone out like Abraham not knowing whither we went and we had come to the land of promise.

There followed a week at the McCandliss house while a riverboat was hired and made ready. The boat had a flat bottom, no upper deck save a strip of lumber around the bulwarks and an arched-over matting roof under which the long-legged foreigner (we were all foreigners now) might sit, not stand, and a tall mast which supported a floursack and matting sail. We boarded this ark on Monday afternoon. We, that is, Mrs. McCandliss, twelve-year-old Charlie, Esther and myself, were off for Nodoa. As we were about to depart Mr. Street came running down Pig Alley. "It's come! It's come!" he shouted, waving a yellow cablegram in the air. It was the cable we had sent from Hong Kong ten days before, giving the date of the *Hanoi's* sailing. Well, you can't hurry the East.

Here we were on the field. Ready to work at last! No, not ready, not for two more years, for we had yet the hurdle of language study ahead of us. Let us say, we were off to a good start.

SHAKE-DOWN CRUISE

BEFORE OUR NAVY ACCEPTS A SHIP from the shipyard it must pass certain tests. Then the crew comes aboard, the captain orders up the anchor, and the ship sails away on its first cruise, which is called the shake-down cruise. The captain wants to know just how the ship behaves, wants to know its speed and most of all he wants the crew to get acquainted with the ship. They must learn to work together as a team and learn to handle their machine as a weapon of defense. We may liken the first few years of the missionary on the field to the shake-down cruise of the navy ship.

In our last chapter we were just leaving for the interior on board a far from enchanting riverboat. We left Hoihow on Monday, a few days after a typhoon had gone by. Our mileage that first day was negligible—perhaps five or six miles. At dark the boatmen tied up. We got off and walked around the bamboo clumps and through a muddy little village and came back to our bedrolls before the tropic night closed in. I awoke between one and two to the sound of Chinese voices and the swinging of the boat. In the morning we awakened in a world of water! Water miles wide dimpled with big and little whirlpools as the current swung along. The boatmen liked to use sail, of course, but often the wind died down; then they let down the sail and pushed the boat along with

long bamboo poles. Or if they had lots of people on board they tied a rope to the mast and men in a long line walked the towpath along the shore and pulled the boat along. No poling or towing for us this morning! The village we had visited the night before had disappeared under water. The bamboo poles could not touch bottom. The boats moved only when the wind sprang up. We sailed that swollen stream three days before we came to Fah-hih. That was the head of navigable waters, so we had to transfer to ponies and sedan chairs for the rest of the way to Nodoa. Mr. Steiner met us there with a pony for me and Charles and chairs for Esther and Mrs. McCandliss. When we set out overland we saw more evidence of the flood which the typhoon had brought. The first large stream we crossed nearly engulfed us all. Steiner said he was nearly drowned crossing it the day before. We came into Notia, our stopping place for the night, much bedraggled and dehydrated. And were a bit excited also. Dr. Salsbury, a huge Paul Bunyan of a man, rode up and told us we ought not to stop in the town, for cholera had been reported there. He had scouted around and found us a place for the night in a rice factory just outside the town. Fortunately, the next day's journey was a short one, thirteen miles, and we arrived at our station, Nodoa, early in the afternoon. More excitement—the school band and hundreds of youngsters met us at Tsiam-lia (Sharp Hill) a mile from town and escorted us in to the sound of hundreds of bursting firecrackers. After a hasty lunch we had to change our travel-worn ducks and assemble in the church for welcoming speeches.

This was to be our home for some years to come. It was nothing like the hut in the jungle which our imagination had conjured up to us. There were the girls' school, the boys' school and the hospital, all set apart from each other by walls. There was the church on its own plot down by the main road

to the market. Pastor Vang's house was near it. Then on the east side of the compound were the Century House where the Salsburys lived, the Bungalow which was home to the Steiners, and the Manse where my mother lived. Mr. Leverett had two rooms in the Bungalow, also. We were given a room in the Manse. Like a true Chinese wife, Esther would be under the tutelage of a mother-in-law.

Sunday was a day of rest. We had a chance to catch our breath. But Monday was no vacation. It was our first day of language study. After breakfast Mr. Lim, our language teacher, promptly made his appearance. He was a wizened-up little man and when he got tired of sitting still, one foot would begin to shake, or did it jerk? or might one call it a gyration? He knew not one word of English and we knew no Chinese, of course. He, pointing to a chair, said, "Tse kai ti mih kai? Tse kai ti i."

"What is this? This is a chair."

The language was fun the first day but when study went on six hours a day, five days a week, week in and week out, humor, curiosity and glamour fled out the door! Only drudgery remained.

The first few years on the field are THE critical period for any missionary. It is a period of adjustment, it is a time of let-down and discouragement, it is a time when the climate tests you. If you can look up the record, note how many couples get transfers or sick leave or even resign after three to five years on the field. "Baby" missionaries are truly babes in the woods. They have the name of missionary but none of his practical experience. They are prey to any of the veteran missionaries who may be the "bossy" type and a prey to any Chinese, from the ragged coolie to the slick Mandarin official. Why do the Chinese take advantage of the tenderfoot? As far as I can understand it, the popular Chinese idea about a

newly arrived foreigner is: He doesn't understand words, ergo, he doesn't understand anything. A more insidious foe is the climate. There is no freshness or zip in the air. The heat comes soon after the sun appears, leaving you weary and limp. If you sit at a desk the perspiration pours from your nose, gets into your eyes, and you cannot touch hand to paper without wetting it. By noon you feel as if you had been in a Turkish bath—the temperature is 90° and the humidity 95. But then perhaps a thundercloud boils up in the south and soon after the sky opens and the rain comes down like a torrent. It need not last more than fifteen minutes or half an hour, but the rest of the day is cool. Out of doors the night is moist and cool, but we sleep under a mosquito net which seems to shut out every breath of air.

Before long you realize that this warm damp enervating climate breeds disease, and not just colds, headaches, measles and mumps. Those are present to be sure, but beside them is a whole galaxy of diseases unknown in America. It is not long before you come to regard one or two of them as old though not beloved friends. I refer to malaria and dysentery. You cannot avoid every mosquito bite, so you can't avoid fever. You may pick up amoeba each time you "eat out," but unless you doom yourself to be a recluse you eat with the Chinese once or twice a week. There are other things, too, such as boils (I had forty of them), parasites and sunstroke. After three years in Hainan Esther nearly wasted away with sprue, a disease she had never heard of in America.

There are no more zealous Christians than missionaries. None have stronger convictions. They have to be such people for God to lead them over the trackless ocean to lands half a world away from home. But while the new missionary couple is combatting heat and fever, it is very hard to keep the

glow of enthusiasm which glowed so brightly in New York. On the voyage outbound the message they had for the nations kept bubbling up. Now it no longer bubbles, it only simmers, and often the novice wonders when and how he lost his steam. In our college years we had thought of missionaries as people set apart—as those noble souls who lived on the mountaintops, whose product was high thinking and great deeds. Now, you lived with missionaries and you found them plain people grouchy with the heat.

There comes a time when the distance runner gets his “second wind.” This is the sort of strength that the missionary needs, the second wind of patience, ingrained purpose, forbearance, ability to see what lies beyond outward appearance. In short, we learn “to bear hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,” cultivating that daily walk with God.

Language study was a long grind and a steady one. Those who are sent out now tackle this problem much more scientifically than we did. They spend one or two years at Yale language school and then perhaps they can go to a language school like the one in Costa Rica or the School of Chinese Studies in Peking. We had to get the language the hard way. We had a schedule. So much writing of characters, so much reading with the teacher, a Romanized essay of a certain length, so many minutes of conversation. Examinations by the language committee of the mission came regularly. However, this long grind was not without its breaks. One of these was the daily walk, one or two miles just before sunset when the heat was beginning to break. Some of the station were generally with us. We soon learned all the main roads which lead out of Nodoa and we often greeted Chinese whom we had grown to recognize. My mother used to greet them all. One day we asked her how she was able to know how to ad-

dress some in Limko, others in Hakka and still others in Hainanese. She replied that she could distinguish them by their walk, posture and sometimes by the way they dressed. They all looked alike to us.

A still more enjoyable break was a country wedding or a visit to a village. If the village was three to six miles away we always walked or perhaps one of us would ride a pony and when we came to that brawling stream, the Damtsiu River, the pony served as ferry and took us across one by one. At the village the Christians and elders all greeted each one of us and that gave us a chance to try out the language. The ladies always had great curiosity about the bride and would visit her in her room while she was putting on her wedding finery. Eating the feast with chopsticks was always an enjoyable experience.

Sometimes we visited Tu Zoang (Library) village. The experience was much the same except there was no wedding in progress and the people were fewer. Tu Zoang seemed to me to be a typical example of a small Hakka village. All the Nodda Hakkas were immigrants from Kai-eng Tsiu in northern Kwangtung. At Tu Zoang the old immigrant grandfather was introduced. As a young man he had come to this region and opened up the first rice land there. His three sons had grown up here and had married and their houses adjoined his on the three sides of a cement threshing floor. Now the grandsons were growing up and marrying and their rooms were added to the homestead. At one corner of the patio, in later years, they built a watchtower about twenty-five feet high. In this they stored their grain and it was their defense against robbers.

Even if no Yankee can hurry the East, time did hasten on. About six months after we arrived the Steiners went home on

furlough and we moved into their quarters in the Bungalow. What a thrill to have a house of our own at last! However, we could not say it was a "private" home. There was a cook in the kitchen, a "boy" to carry water, make garden and serve the table, and the cook's wife for "amah" who did the housework and washing. We could not turn round without bumping into someone. Esther was startled one noon when she heard a slight noise, to see a great row of staring eyes—people just outside the verandah, watching us eat.

The great event of that first year was the arrival of Jack. Even though all preparations had been carefully made and doctor and Mrs. Salsbury gave Esther the best of care, it was a difficult birth. But the Lord heard our prayers in this time of crisis and after the long night of waiting, mother and babe rested peacefully. The youngster brought joy to us of course, but more than that, Jack's arrival was of greatest joy to my mother. It was God's reward to her for her long years of labor alone in Hainan since the death of my father in 1898.

The shake-down cruise was complete with the round-the-island itinerary of 1917. The mission had not undertaken such a trip since the explorations of Carl Jeremiassen in the early days of the mission. Steiner organized the trek and Tappan joined the party for a few days. In the party were evangelists Bang and Ngou and the Nodoa hospital assistant Io. I think I must have been invited to go along for the experience. Our group left Nodoa early in November after the typhoons were over and the heat was less. We rode tough little ponies nearly 100 miles around to Kachek on the southeast side of the island. There Tappan, Ngou and Bang joined us. We held meetings at night in the various gospel halls along our route. But if a town had no chapel, we held street meetings and visited the schools where we were allowed to address the stu-

dent body. It was well we had chosen the fall of the year, for if the weather had been wet I fear we never could have crossed the many deep streams of Vang-Neng and Leng-tui districts, nor could we have endured the heat of Ngai-tsiu, where the sun turned winter into a blistering heat wave and the cool northeast monsoon could not reach us across the interior ranges.

We made a halt at Lok-lah, our most southerly chapel, where Mr. Jeremiassen had spent his last years. The Ngai-tsiu valley there is very wide; it is beautiful rice land and heavily populated. However, the people are rough in manners and unpredictable. At first I enjoyed every changing view. No more beautiful land had I ever seen than this island where I was born. But suddenly the blow fell! I was weak as a cat and sick all over. I had dysentery. I am sure I was a great burden to Steiner. Here I was sick enough to die two weeks away from a doctor and real medical care. But he did not despair. The first day out of Lak-lah I rode a sedan chair—in a sick stupor. I could eat no solid food, only soft-boiled rice and soft-boiled eggs. We hit the west coast where the hills hemmed us in on the right and the sea on the left. After a few days I could ride a horse. I did no trotting or galloping, I assure you.

It must have been Christmas Eve when we met the old Confucian scholar. Because of me the party had to travel slowly and we could not reach Sang-Hoe city as planned. So when night began to fall we entered a village. The people were suspicious of us. They did not trust strangers, and probably with good reason. But soon there stepped out a dignified old man, a gentleman of the old school, a Confucian scholar and teacher of the village school. He entered the conversation and before long turned to the village elders and said, "These are

good people, we can keep them overnight without fear." Soon rice was in the skillet cooking, beds were made and we rested there that night.

The next morning when we bid them farewell, Steiner insisted on paying for the rice the party had eaten. But the Confucian scholar, true to his ancient ideas of hospitality, refused the money. Finally Steiner opened a basket and took out our last Chinese Bible and presented it to the old man. Ten years later he had the sequel to this incident. At that time he made the tour of that strip of coast again. He came again to the village which had sheltered us that windy Christmas night, and was greeted by the old Confucian scholar. Much to his surprise a large group of people said they were believers in Christ and asked for baptism. There the Gospel had entered with the Bible which we had given the old teacher. It had been their only contact with Christianity.

After leaving Sang-Hoe we came to the largest river on the west side of the island. It was toward evening when we made the crossing, near the mouth of the river where its delta pushed back the sea. I was carried across in a sedan chair on the shoulders of two stout coolies. In my weakness I thought it was the widest river I had ever seen. It was not "a mile wide and two inches deep" either, for the carriers waded it hip-deep. The next day I rode a pony along the straight coastal road. Suddenly we came to sand dunes, a whole range of them. They were heavy going, but when we at last crossed them we came to a broad farming country and at dark arrived at Ui-Ngou (King Number Five), where we had Christian friends and we passed the night with them. The next morning we had to hire new carriers. No men were to be had. We found that the men of Ui-Ngou did no heavy work; they were opium smokers! We had to hire women instead. At the end of that

day we were home again and ready to welcome the new year, 1918.

So the shake-down cruise came to an end. We had become acquainted with a new people, in fact, a whole group of peoples, we could speak a few sentences in a new language, and we had fallen in love with the most beautiful isle of the South China Sea.

MISSIONARY METHODS

I COULD GIVE YOU MORE HISTORY AND biography, for our thirty years in Hainan were crowded with events. However, that is not my purpose. I wish to say those things which will help our young people to become missionaries. You have heard as we did the call to labor in God's vineyard, the Lord has laid upon you the burden of His message. In imagination you have gone with us to the field and you went along with us on the shake-down cruise.

The question before us now is: How does the missionary do his work? What are the primary missionary methods? Someone has said, "God had only one Son and He made Him a missionary." Jesus was the greatest missionary of all and a model to any who would become a missionary.

How did Jesus do His work? When He began His work He said, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me because He has anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor. He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those who are oppressed, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." He stopped short of the final sentence: "And the day of vengeance of our God." Jesus did not come for that! Jesus did carry out the announced program: He did preach the Gospel to the poor, He did give release to those who were in bondage to sin, He did heal the sick, cleanse the lepers and open the eyes of the blind. He

also was head of a school for prophets. He alternated lessons with field work. He proclaimed the Kingdom of God and sent His students out to do the same. His course of study took three years to complete and He had eleven graduates. They went out into the world on Commencement Day—the Day of Pentecost.

How well is the church following in the steps of our Lord and Master? Let us read from our Board's manual: "The supreme and controlling aim of missionary work is to make the Lord Jesus Christ known to all men as their Divine Saviour and to persuade them to become His disciples; to gather these into Christian churches which shall be self-propagating, self-supporting and self-governing, to share with these churches in the evangelization of their countrymen and of the world, and in bringing to bear on all human life the spirit and principles of Christ."

We may say that, in general, missionary methods are evangelistic, educational and medical. But basically they are one: The purpose of our teaching is to bring students to Christ; and the healing of the sick is only a step toward winning them to Christ. And these three categories do not include all missionary methods by any means. A great part of the labors of Livingstone was his exploration of Central Africa. He regarded these journeys as necessary preliminaries to any real missionary penetration of Africa. Sam Higginbottom went to India with the Bible and the plow. He felt that if the masses of India were to know the true meaning of the Gospel they could not remain in a half-starved condition. However, we may say that Jesus worked along three lines, preaching, teaching and healing, and the church does the same.

I. Does the mission preach the Gospel to the poor? Let us look at the work that is done. Jesus told the Apostles to begin at Jerusalem. Let the station be our Jerusalem and begin

there. The most important building in the station is the church. In Nodoa it was a beautiful building of gray brick with a tile roof. It would easily seat six or seven hundred, but on occasion I saw a thousand present. In Nodoa we had a Chinese pastor, first Pastor Vang and then Pastor Lee. It was not mission policy to have a missionary as pastor, though he might be one temporarily as stated supply. The station church had a program such as you might expect of a church anywhere. There were the Sunday services, church school at 9:30 and morning worship at 10:30. The bell was always rung at 8 o'clock for five minutes so the country people within sound of its mellow peal might know when to start their three- or four-mile walk to church. In the evening the boys and girls had their C.E. meetings in their school halls. The regular midweek of prayer service was on Wednesday evening and the women had a prayer service of their own on Thursday noon. At times the pastor had the midweek service in a Christian home. At such times people of the neighborhood crowded into the house and thus the leader had a chance to present the claims of Christ to many who had never been in church.

When I introduced you to our station I mentioned the missionary homes and the institutions. It might surprise you, as it did us, to realize that a mission station is a small city in itself. If schools are in session there may be two hundred students living on the compound. Of course, there are always people in the hospital, and the population there ranged from fifty to one hundred. You see, three hundred or more people might be within the four walls of the compound. Other stations might number many more, for ours was a rather small station. When we cover the church's program, that does not cover all the religious activities of the station by any means. The hospital has its own chapel service every morning, with missionary doctor, nurses and other assistants leading in turn.

A hospital evangelist also visits individual patients. The schools are also centers of religion. They have both morning and evening chapel, with the principal and teachers leading in turn. In our early years in China, Bible classes were a regular part of the curriculum. The Nationalist government compelled us to make some changes in the thirties. We did continue to have Bible study, but the classes were not part of the regular curriculum nor were they held on the school premises. I have said enough, have I not, to point up the effort the mission made for its whole program to be Christ-centered?

The Apostles began at Jerusalem and then went on into Judea, Samaria and finally to the uttermost parts. In Hainan the Gospel light also flowed out from the station to the town, the surrounding country and thence to the coast and across the Straits into the Luichow Peninsula.

On the main street of the town the mission had rented a shop and had placed a board above the door which said in gilded Chinese characters: "Gospel Hall." Here one of the mission might come in the evening to hold a preaching service. A few of the students came with him, each armed with a hymnal, and if the missionary wanted to take the trouble, the baby organ might be set up. The moment the hymn rang out the people from the street crowded in and there was the audience. The missionary would attack vigorously and give them what we often call "straight Gospel." After fifteen to twenty minutes people would begin to drift out, but if the preacher wanted them back, he need only start another hymn. At the close of the service the preacher and his helpers had opportunities to talk to interested people and sell Gospels and Testaments.

In our early years in Hainan missionaries used to go on long itineraries, often accompanied by a colporteur or evangelist. Later we organized Gospel teams, which increased our

numbers to be sure, but there were more points of contact with the people. I believe that the missionary with his single-handed approach was not doing the job too well. Let us then take a look at the activities of the Gospel team. The team did not go out for a long period of time, perhaps for only a day. Or it might be sent from the central station to an outlying church and stay there for as long as a week. Suppose we go with the team from Nodoa to Siang-fo, twelve miles north. The team, consisting of evangelistic missionary, doctor, Chinese evangelist, schoolteacher (who is also organist) and colporteur, is just comfortable in the station wagon. There is room enough for the baby organ, the doctor's basket of medicines and a box of Bibles, Testaments and Christian posters. At Siang-fo the market, which meets every other day, is just at its height. That is, buyers and sellers are there in the greatest number. We select a busy corner, but a place where we are not in the path of the occasional motor which may pass. We set up the baby organ on the tailgate of the station wagon. The organist strikes up a hymn and the team joins voices. A curious crowd presses up eagerly. That gives Ngou Bok, our versatile evangelist, his opportunity. He presents Christ to them in the Damtsiu dialect. This strange tongue was introduced into Hainan from Vietnam across the Gulf of Tongkin. The only one in the team who speaks Damtsiu is Ngou Bok. In about a half hour the crowd begins to slip away, but Ngou Bok is ready for that. He says that a western doctor is with us and any who may be in need of a doctor's attention may see him, free. This causes a stampede in the doctor's direction. He looks at bad teeth, sore legs, bad eyes, etc. and prescribes and doles out medicine. Ngou Bok is at hand to interpret. Doctor soon has a basin full of clean water, bandages up legs, washes eyes, etc. I wonder how he can breathe in that press of humanity. He has some receipts from the sale of

medicine but he charges nothing for advice. The colporteur is also busy. The whole team takes packages of Gospels and sells them. We charge two coppers (less than a cent) for one of the small books or ten coppers for the five—the four Gospels and Acts. The colporteur has a brisk sale of Testaments, tracts and Christian posters. After an hour of this, business becomes a little slack so the organist begins another hymn, we all sing and the crowd rushes up again. Another member of the party, with Ngou Bok translating, gives his Gospel message, this time using a large picture chart, which he explains as he goes along. This activity goes on as long as there is a crowd in the market. When the people have dispersed, the team often goes to a Christian's home, on his invitation, and sits around a table covered with tasty dishes the Chinese prepare so well. I estimate there has been considerable impact on that crowd through the ear-gate, the eye-gate and the heart as well. Not only have they seen and heard, but they had something to take home—some Gospel, tract or poster, or a bottle of quinine or a clean bandage around a sore leg.

Not all the itineraries are organized like that one. In times past Hainan has been scourged by all sorts of epidemic diseases such as smallpox, cholera and plague. The mission doctor knows well when these epidemics strike. In the quiet years before the Japanese War, the Central Government at Nanking cooperated with the missions to promote public health. The doctor sent his request to Nanking and they sent him supplies of free vaccine. Then the doctor organized his team and sent them out to vaccinate the people, free. The vaccination was not entirely free, but at most they never charged more than ten cents a person and this helped to pay the team's expenses. Such an itinerary was not a preaching expedition, but generally a colporteur or Ngou Bok would seize the opportunity

to go along. Then, while the hospital people worked, the colporteur sold books and preached.

Jesus went out to preach the Gospel to the poor; the missionary following in his steps also preached the Gospel to the poor—in the church, the school, the hospital, on the street, in the faraway markets, whenever or wherever opportunity presented itself.

II. Jesus also said, "Teaching them to observe all things that I have taught you." This is our biblical basis for Christian education. Jesus had a school; He taught the twelve disciples whom He had chosen. How well does the mission carry out Jesus' injunction? In China the seven Presbyterian missions helped to support the twelve Christian colleges of China. These missions established and supported several score of schools of high-school level, and hundreds of primary schools. Our missions pioneered education for women, for when our missionaries first came to China only boys were sent to school. They introduced modern school subjects to the Chinese at a time when the Confucian classics formed the whole curriculum.

It has become commonplace for us to think of education as a function of the state. What was the justification for the mission opening schools—in fact, setting up a whole system of education? As I see it, the main practical reasons were, threefold: to train the children of Christians in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord"; to train young Christians who might go on to be leaders in the work of the church; and, as schools became established, it was found they were good instruments of evangelization.

In the early days it was very hard to build up a Christian school. Parents said that their children had to work, so the early missionaries paid wages to the children who came to

school. But it wasn't long before the Christian school won a place for itself. We must remember the Christian school meant one thing to the missionary, another thing to the Christian parent, and something else again to the non-Christian. In essence the school meant to the missionary a chance to build Christian character in youth. To the Christian Chinese parent it meant many things, but distinctly a place where his children might grow in the Christian tradition—a chance he himself never had. But to the non-Christian parent the school meant the new learning; it meant his children could learn English and arithmetic, subjects very poorly taught in other schools. And it also meant a better disciplined child. Not many years passed before mission schools were always crowded and their size was limited only by the size of the school plant.

There was emphasis on Christian nurture. As I said before, the schools had their morning and evening chapel periods and Bible classes. The missionary was always conscious of the fact that these Chinese children had no background of Christian tradition, so the school must ground the children in all things Christian. However, no one can make Christians by rote or be made a Christian by rote. If a change came in the child's life, it was really made through contact with Christian lives. The impressionable school child found himself in a distinctly Christian atmosphere. The church influence was strengthened because nearly three-fourths of the pupils were boarders. The China we knew had no rapid transit, so any child who lived more than a mile away came into the school at the beginning of the term as a boarder. In a school in China the teachers are *loco parentis* so they had opportunities to train the children. Often the non-Christian parents would say to their children, "You must go to the mission school to learn English and arithmetic; you do not need to pay any attention to the Jesus doctrine."

But they did not realize that Christianity, like smallpox, is catching. School life was a great contrast to the home life and not the least part of the contrast was in the moral realm. It was our policy not to bring pressure on the children, but few graduated from our sixth grade school without joining the church.

Our Christian schools in China paid off. From twenty-five to fifty per cent of their support came from tuition fees, so the expense to the Board was not great. We did get leaders from our schools. In Nododa nearly every employee of the hospital, except those who did manual labor, every church worker, and nearly all the teachers in the schools had come up through our schools. Not only that, our teachers were proud of the fact that many leaders in the community got their start in the mission school.

Our schools were by no means perfect. Their very popularity worked against them. There was always a waiting list of students. Finally it was necessary to have entrance exams. Not a quarter of those applying could find place in the school. Hence the entrance exams. Only those with the highest grades were chosen. Non-Christians and Christians were treated alike. However, in our station, the children of church workers were allowed to enter tuition-free. This popularity of the schools led to two evils. The classes were always crowded; the teachers' teaching load was increased. They had so many pupils they could not handle them properly. Dining rooms and dormitories were also overcrowded. Then, too, there was the temptation to raise fees. Parents willingly paid the fees, and with more money in the till, a better grade of teacher could be hired and improvements made in the plant. But once the fees were raised, something else happened. Children of the rich crowded out the poor or middle class. Therefore, since most Christians were poor, the Christian students became

fewer. This led the mission to grant scholarships to Christian students. Yet in the end a popular school tended to become more and more a school for the children of the rich.

The mission sought to build up our evangelistic corps by opening the Bible Institute. Here a sixth-grade education was the entrance requirement. There both men and women were given two years of intensive Bible study. It could not take the place of seminary training, but it did qualify them to be evangelists in our smaller church groups. The mission also promoted "short course" Bible study classes. A missionary and a team of teachers would go to a church for a week or over two Sundays, hold classes forenoon and afternoon and popular meetings at night. These classes aimed at training the elders and deacons of the local church.

III. Jesus sent out His disciples to heal the sick, cleanse the lepers and open the eyes of the blind. The church has taken this command to heart. In every mission field medical missionaries heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, and bind up wounds. There is no better way to express the compassion of Christ for those who suffer. Here is a great work not done for gain, but for the sake of Christ, in Christ's name, to show forth God's love. No wonder it is one of the most successful forms of missionary work.

One of the most signal failures of the non-Christian world is the failure to alleviate suffering, cure disease and increase the span of life. When medical missionaries first came to a land such as China, they made a profound impression, not only on the sick but on their families and all their friends. It is said of Dr. Peter Parker, a pioneer missionary in China, that he "opened China at the point of a lancet."

The pioneer mission doctor had to be a versatile person. Like God in the Catechism he had to "create out of nothing." He came to his station with a meagre supply of medicines and

instruments, and no nurses or technicians. After a few years you found him presiding over a hospital staffed with nurses, orderlies and men who knew how to use a microscope. He had built an operating room, maternity ward, isolation ward, drug room and even a dead house. He might be getting ready to open a school for nurses. He did so many operations each month it would put an American doctor to shame. You would find nothing fancy in his hospital and many things had been made locally so the cost was low, but essentially it was a full-fledged hospital.

However, the pioneer mission doctor wasn't interested in just building up a hospital. He was the medical member of a team. He took the place of other team members on occasion. When Sunday came and the ministerial member of the team happened to be absent, the doctor brushed off his Bible study notes and came out with a sermon. Word comes that many sick are to be found in the Dragon Pond area, so the doctor loads his road baskets, saddles his tough little Hainan pony and visits Dragon Pond. Or perhaps an epidemic has broken out in Assured Peace; the doctor takes his team of trained helpers there to vaccinate. In one case, when the principal of Nodoo's Spiritual Light School went home on furlough, Dr. C. G. Salsbury took over as principal.

Often our mission doctors performed spectacular cures. Inevitably their reputations grew and people flocked to them for help. This popularity in turn helped to build up the hospital. New buildings were put up, partly paid for with Board funds, but mainly with receipts. More beds were added, steel beds from America introduced; electric lights, operating tables and X-rays became part of the set-up. From the economic point of view the hospitals were a great success. Schools might become fifty per cent self-supporting, but a hospital often became ninety-five per cent self-supporting. Fees were unbe-

lievably low. An operation cost between ten and fifteen dollars. A child was delivered and both mother and child cared for until the child was a week old for twenty-five dollars, outpatient treatment cost ten cents.

With the medical work growing so fast there were bound to be complications. Chinese doctors were added to the staff and these received high salaries. The nurses, technicians and orderlies around the hospital were given free uniforms, good board and decent quarters and wages in excess of what was paid evangelists and teachers in mission employ. Since these had received much the same education as the hospital employees, comparisons were inevitable. The hospital had become an institution and unless care was exercised, it tended to overshadow the church.

I have been telling you something about missionary methods, illustrated by my own experience in Hainan. You can see that we used the methods of evangelism, education and healing to spread the Gospel and bring nigh the Kingdom in Hainan. You note that this was done in direct imitation of Jesus' own methods of preaching, teaching and healing, and you note that these things were done in direct obedience to His command. Yet these were not the only methods used. One of our ladies was a bookkeeper and kept all the church and mission accounts. Where did she come in? Under medical, evangelistic or educational? Yet she saved hours of labor and anxiety for doctors and ministers who had not been trained to keep books. Another China missionary was an architect. He went from station to station and drew plans for churches, schools, hospitals and houses. He saved the missions thousands of dollars and put up buildings which were our pride and joy—buildings now being used by the Reds. Other missionaries were agriculturalists and still others engineers. Had they a right to be known as missionaries? Yes, the mis-

sions were proud of them. How could we justify them? Jesus command was very broad: "Teaching them all things, whatsoever I have taught you." The manual adds: "Bringing to bear on all human life the spirit and principles of Christ."

SACRIFICIAL LIVING

THE MAN ON THE STREET NO DOUBT thinks of the missionary as one who leaves his homeland and gives up most of the good things of life to preach the Gospel to a strange and unruly people who will never appreciate it. To the average young person the missionary life connotes sacrifice. How common it is in secular magazines to see cartoons of missionaries being brought to a slow boil in cannibals' cooking pots! After all, how much is there to this idea of sacrificial living?

Let me assure you that here again the world is mistaken. The missionary's life is rich in all the things which count, service, friendship and varieties of experience. He will never grow rich in material goods, but he is well rewarded. The church honors him, his adopted country honors him, the leaders of the younger churches honor him, he makes a host of friends at home and abroad, and finally there is laid up for him an incorruptible crown.

But it would be a mistake to say he does not give up many things. He leaves behind a homeland he loves and family and friends. He faces many years of separation from his children. He gives up hope of attaining the heights in his own profession. He often goes to a climate where good health is impossible. He gives up the benefits he would have received under his country's flag. That means he often does his work in a

hostile atmosphere under a government which often suspects his purposes and is unfriendly to his methods.

Those are some of the things he gives up and these are some of the hardships which never overtake him. For instance, he does not live in a hut in the jungle. I have described the typical China mission station well enough for you to realize that. He is not like a mendicant friar who has taken the vow of poverty. His dress is like that of millions of others in his own country. He is not rich, but he is not a down-and-outer either. He does not travel in luxurious first class, but he is not reduced to the lowest class either. He goes along with the great middle class. Nor is he exactly a social outcast among the people whom he has come to serve. St. Paul was buffeted about by the world—people in those days considered Christians, and missionaries especially, “the off-scouring of all things.” There was a time in China when life was pretty rugged for missionaries. On the day that I was born, my father and the physician who attended my mother were stoned on the streets of Kiungchow. In those days the people might surround the missionary and give rein to their curiosity. A man from Mars would not receive fuller attention. One minute it might be curiosity, the next minute mob action. Relations with foreign powers were none too cordial and these newcomers were “foreign devils”—the agents of hated foreign powers.

But all this was changed after the Boxer Rebellion. A handful of troops sent by the allied powers had brought the Dragon Throne to terms. The white man was now in a favored position. His person was sacred and he was not governed by Chinese law. These extraterritorial rights have always been a matter for controversy. I never knew a missionary who had to appeal to those rights for protection. There were other things which raised missionaries in public esteem. For one thing they were educated, they were of the literati, which means a lot in

China. They also were persons of achievement. One missionary named Legge was the authority on Chinese language in the courts of Hong Kong. Doctors especially won recognition, for they had cured people given up for dead by Chinese practitioners. Missionaries had also defied idols. Idols could not harm the white man (though they did harm the Chinese), but the white man burned idols with impunity. The public began to say idols had no power—the Jesus doctrine had power. I do not doubt that my father had to face the active hostility of the Chinese. But by the time Esther and I came out in 1916, the missionary was a person of some prestige.

There is the question of how far the missionary should identify himself with the people he has come to win. There are some who advocate a thoroughgoing identification: Eat the same food, wear the same clothes, live in the same kind of houses, speak the same language. In some fields in North China our missionaries adopted native dress. In the early days of China missions they rented Chinese houses and adapted them for missionary use. Many missionary families used no food except what could be purchased locally. It is axiomatic that if an evangelist is to reach people he must speak their language and know how they live. He must be all things to all men. However, if you had been in China in the years preceding the Japanese War, you might conclude that the process of identification had not gone too far. You would find that missionaries lived in houses the Chinese regarded as palaces, they dressed in the western style and they ate foreign food. Did the later missionaries lose the self-sacrificing zeal and weak-mindedly retreat to the soft living they knew at home? Of course there are some who say that was just what they did. But don't be too hasty!

The house where I was born in Kiungchow was a Chinese house with mud floors, rented for use by the mission. I re-

member my mother saying the roof tiles were so thin she found she had to wear a sunhelmet to protect her head even while in the house. To some extent the pioneers in Hainan and in many other parts of China did "go native." What was the result? The men could stand it. Most of them lived a vigorous out-of-door life, met and faced hardships and grew calluses. But the women and children suffered. They were indoors much more of the time. Unsanitary conditions affected them much more quickly than it did the men. Living in Chinese houses meant living in rooms with earth floors, small windows, low ceilings and little ventilation. Eating Chinese food meant getting very little fruit and no dairy products, so young growing bodies did not get enough iron, calcium or vitamins. Wives and children fell prey to disease. If the mission doctor was handy the disease might be checked, but a surprising number required sick leave. And there were a good many deaths. The Board surveyed the situation. Apart from their intrinsic worth, missionaries are very expensive. The Board has to pay out large sums for steamer tickets, outfit allowance, medical care and salary. If in a few years after arriving on the field the wife dies of some swift tropical disease or one of the children dies, the missionary family is broken and its remnants ordered home. The Board has no recourse except to send out another family. Will the pattern of sickness and death be repeated? Then the Board took action: It made a rule that no station should be without a doctor. Then it began to build western-style houses. It also cut down the term of service in the hotter climates. For instance, the North China term was seven years and it was five years in South China.

These houses had to do certain things for the mission families: They had to be as cool as possible, sanitary and built to protect the occupants from the weather. As a standard the

ordinary middle-class home of America—minus gadgets of course—was taken. There were some adaptations to Far East conditions. The kitchen and servants' rooms were separate from the main house. The Oriental cook is called Lord of the Fire and in the early days of missions the missionary wife did not invade his domain. Then, because of the heat, the rooms were large, had high ceilings, and in some the windows were French style—swung on hinges with their sills on the level of the floor. It was not uncommon for bedrooms to be 15x20 feet in size and the ceiling 10 to 12 feet high. The Americans in those days copied the British and the British decreed large rooms and high ceilings. Any paleface from North America appreciated them, too, for a person entering a room which had doors and windows shut felt as if he had entered a Turkish bath. Then, too, there were the verandahs.

In America we have porches. A small one in front of the house is nice to sit on and watch the passing parade. Then, many homeside houses have sleeping porches upstairs. But in China there are porches, front and back, in fact, all around the house, upstairs and down. The verandahs kept the sun and rain off the entrances and they protected the four walls of the house from the beating tropical rains. Our China houses could not be built of wood, for the termites would eat them into wreckage in two or three years. They could not be lightly constructed, for they had to withstand 120-mile-an-hour typhoon winds. You realize, then, that a mission house could not be a small house and it could not be a cheap house, for its walls were brick or stone and its roof was tile and its timbers had to be hardwood.

Many Chinese gazed at the many-verandahed houses and said we lived in palaces. But the mission family knew better. Certain rooms got a breeze at night and we liked those. Still, none of them were lighted by electricity at first. None had

running water, none had flush toilets, none had phones, or gas ranges or refrigerators.

In 1916 we might go to bed in a room that had a breeze, but when we let down the mosquito net the breeze was effectively shut off. Before long we tried screening the bedroom windows. We could not do without mosquito nets or screens, for mosquitoes swarmed at night and they were bound to bite us. A person bitten by mosquitoes got malaria. Mosquitoes in our minds were Mission Enemy No. 1. The first screens were of iron mesh and rusted out in a couple of seasons. Some people tried copper and that was better. But about 1921 we bought monel metal screening. It was so light it did not hold back the breeze. After a few months it lost its silver sheen but it never corroded.

The mission finally solved the problem of lights, but it was not with the Board's help. The station did not like the dirt and waste which was present when we used kerosene lamps and appealed to the Board for a gas engine and a generator. The Board said no, and that money had been given for evangelization but not for electric lights. So the station worked it out. Mr. A. had a gift of several hundred dollars. Mrs. B. said she would add a hundred. The doctor said he would knock a hundred off his medical appropriation. The school principal said he would get the same amount from educational funds. The money was in sight, so the order for engine and dynamo was sent. Mr. C., who was quite a skilled mechanic, set up the machinery and did the wiring and trained a "boy" to run the engine. The station had lights.

After the Board had constructed western-style houses, put a doctor in each station and cut down the term of service in hot climates, the health problem became far less acute. A mission family could look forward to forty years of service instead of five. But did this policy set the missionary apart from

the people he had come to serve, and build a wall of envy and misunderstanding which hindered the coming of the Kingdom? If the missionary was aloof, selfish and luxury-loving, there was a real wall of partition. But do you know any missionaries who are aloof, selfish and luxury-loving? I don't. Perhaps these large and supposedly luxurious houses did give anti-Christians a talking point or two. But they would find something to harp on anyway. If not houses, then something else.

In thinking back over our Hainan experiences, I think I am justified in saying that non-Christians might envy the foreigners' houses, but the Christian did not resent them. For one thing, those who knew the missionaries knew they needed the protection the house gave them. They knew our children could not stand the sun as Chinese children could. Our children wore pith helmets to ward off sunstroke, but Chinese tots played bareheaded in the sun all day. They knew our children were subject to fever and many other diseases; our children had to drink milk and eat many things not grown in China. The mission family was the church's most prominent exhibit and they were rather proud of it. I have heard some of our Christians say they were not converted by any sermon, or by what they had read, but by the life and example of the mission family. Then, too, as time went on, the Christians and other Chinese friends more and more had access to our houses. Mrs. Melrose trained the choir around our piano. I had my Bible class in the study. Loi aborigines from forty miles away in the mountains often filled the study and spent hours listening to the victrola. All the children on the compound might come to view the glories of our children's Christmas tree.

What does all this have to do with sacrificial living? It is all right to be a martyr if you have to be one. But from the time of the Boxer Rebellion to the Japanese War the mission-

ary in China was not called on to be a martyr. The main problem to solve was how he could live and work most efficiently. If he was more efficient living in a western house, eating western food and wearing western clothes, I think he could accept it as God's will for him to do so.

It boils down to this, doesn't it? Here I am a missionary in China (or India or Africa). China is my adopted country. How may I best serve Christ in bringing my adopted people to a knowledge of Him? I can do best by understanding them and their problems, loving them, presenting Christ to them and serving their real needs.

THE MISSIONARY AND POLITICS

I ANTICIPATE THAT YOU, THE CANDID candidate, will explain, "Why say anything about the missionary and politics? The homeside church does not engage in politics, ministers of the Gospel say very little on political subjects, so why should a missionary have any connection with politics?"

What you say, Mr. Candid, is all too true. The missionary ought to stay out of politics. But my purpose is to tell of some of the pitfalls to be avoided, and to think a little of the political implications of a missionary's life.

During our thirty years in China, there was rarely a year when there was not some change; a turnover accomplished, or one just brewing. That did not mean that the people were stirred over an election campaign; it did not mean that one party was voted out and another voted in. It meant military coups by warlords; it meant a country-wide war when the Kuomintang came into power; it meant the Japanese invasion; and the overthrow of Chiang by the Communists. However, the even tenor of our lives was little disturbed by most of these events—we favored neither one side or the other. At least that was true until the Japanese came. They regarded us as potential enemies and the Reds put a stop to all missionary activity.

As soon as you get hold of the language and are able to

converse freely with the Chinese you realize that they are a people of "many affairs." Almost everyone is in some kind of trouble. They are always approaching the "honorable pastor" for a loan. You begin to think they must consider you an "easy touch" until you learn they have already made the rounds of all their friends. Not only that, but they come to you with affairs which inevitably lead to lawsuits. That is a pitfall to be avoided. The young missionary consults a more experienced colleague about a matter which has strained his heartstrings. He thinks the older man is callous when he exclaims, "Don't go to the official!" The young missionary retires to his tent to sulk and wonder. Then, over the grapevine comes the other side of the case. The sulk dies instantly and the older missionary's stock rises a good many points.

Going to law, or merely seeing the official, may not be political activity but it verges on it. I cannot vouch for the following from personal investigation, but I had it from so-called reliable Chinese sources. The missionaries involved were not American and their church was not our church. It is said that they sold tickets at five dollars apiece which entitled the bearer to free quinine, church membership, a free entrance to heaven, and church help in a lawsuit. After a campaign of ticket-selling the church went to bat in quite a number of lawsuits and they won some. But their interference with Chinese courts built up such a resentment against them that a mob chased the church representatives out of that part of the country.

There was so much pressure on members of our mission to go to the Yamen on behalf of our friends that the mission finally laid down a policy with regard to such activity. However, why should foreigners be asked to speak to officials on behalf of church members? That's right, they shouldn't. But let us understand the situation. Part of the pressure was due

to the fact that the missionary knew how to read and write. There are so few educated people in our part of China that nearly every educated person is pressured to go "see the official" about something. Then, too, the Chinese were taking advantage of the prestige and privileged position of the missionary under the "unequal" treaties, now rescinded. So, on advice of the China Council (a clearing house for all seven of the China missions), the mission laid down this policy. Take no part in lawsuits save those which concern persecution of Christians. The Kuomintang constitution contained a "freedom of religion" clause and the treaties specifically stated that Christians were not to be deprived of property rights or otherwise persecuted on account of their religion.

During our years in China I do not remember that our people had many political debates. Most of their political talks were about officials. This one was good and that one was bad. The bad official "ate the people"—that is, was a grafter. The good one might not have much of what we call public spirit, but he was not as much involved in graft. They were swayed by loyalty to one leader or another, and not by political issues. The ancient philosophy of government in China is almost Jeffersonian: All officials are evil. Perhaps they are a necessary evil. The less they bother us the better. However, the public in the years before 1937 was given large doses of anti-Japanese propaganda.

We missionaries often visited such officials as the army commanders, governor of the island, district magistrates and the foreign affairs' commissioner. We were guests in their country and courtesy demanded an initial visit at least. Our government held them responsible for our safety and it was important for us to inform them of our moves. We all had friends among the officials and some officials were very friendly to us. Most Chinese officials can put up a "front." That is,

they can dress well (western style, too), are polite, educated, pleasant to meet. Some we met were graduates of American universities. With these we had much in common. We invited leading officials to our Fourth of July celebrations. These were not the rootin', tootin' affairs you might expect them to be. Tables were spread on the lawn, the area was decorated with Chinese and American flags and all comers were served tea, cakes and perhaps ice cream. The officials invited us to birthday feasts, etc. So it was not long before each of us had his own favorite official, whose opinion he was fond of quoting.

In the early thirties in Nodoo I had frequent contact with a district magistrate named Chang. It was a time when the public road to the district city had just been opened. Very few cars were on the road but in the station we had a Model A Ford, the gift of a supporting church. Many a time I was asked by Chang to run him the thirty miles from Nodoo to the magistrate's Yamen. I would take him if I could find the time. He paid for the gas and I was the chauffeur. One day there came a request to drive the magistrate to the Yamen. It was Saturday and I had time to go. However, Chang did not go but sent a deputy in his place. The deputy invited two guards armed with long Mauser pistols to share the car with him. When we arrived at the yamen the deputy said, "Wait a few minutes." Soon two coolies came out carrying a small box which seemed very heavy. It was so heavy the coolies had to suspend it by ropes from a pole to carry it. They placed this Pandora's box between the seats. I didn't need to ask what it was. It was either silver dollars or ammunition. The deputy came out, got into the car and said, "Let's go!" The guards hopped on the runningboards and drew their Mausers. Not much conversation on the way home, but I could not help wondering.

We made the return trip to Nodoo without incident, but it

did give Esther a turn when she opened the gate for us and got a good view of those Mausers. Afterward I asked one of the magistrate's friends why he had chosen me to drive over and get his box of silver. He said, "It is like this. You are not only a good driver but a fast one. Besides, who would suspect a missionary of transporting a box of silver dollars?" Not long after that I was in the yamen again and had a chance to meet the staff. Almost everyone was named Chang. An uncle was chief of police; a brother was road boss; another uncle was commissioner of education; and it was that way down the line. How could I help but reflect that Chang might be a first-class grafter and that he had used me to aid and abet his activities? After that I was chary of becoming too much the friend of any official.

I remember another magistrate in Kiungchow. He was always inviting missionaries to his yamen. He was always visiting our schools and hospital. He was much quoted by some of the mission. I used to take a group of schoolboys to visit the city prison which was under this magistrate's jurisdiction. We used to conduct Gospel services in the prison courtyard. Then we distributed tracts and Gospels. The miserable condition of the prisoners was obvious. There were thirty to forty crowded into a common room, so close together there was scarce room to lie down. Before long there was a political turnover. One fine morning our high-minded magistrate fled for his life—not only from his political opponents but from the wrath of the populace. I could not help but reflect that our friendship with that man did not endear us to his successor nor to the people he had been oppressing.

Our mission in China was not only to proclaim the riches of God's mercy in Christ but to serve, to help and to protect them in any way we could. As I have said, we carried on under three categories, evangelistic, medical and educational.

But there were times when we were the unwilling protectors and saviors of hundreds of Chinese. We come now to the refugee problem.

In the days before the Japanese War our part of China was subject to many political turnovers. Very few of these changes were peaceful. There were periods of tension when the trouble was coming to a head. As the danger grew near and the opposing armies were sparring for position, refugees came streaming into our compounds. Sometimes special friends of the missionaries would send in their boxes. These contained clothing sometimes, but more often deeds to their houses and lands. These were stored in empty rooms. It was nothing unusual to wake in the morning with the clamor of refugees spreading their bedmats or building their simple kitchens in every available space under our verandah eaves or around the church. We had never said we would allow refugees in, nor had we any means of protecting them. But all took it for granted that once within the compound, they and their precious boxes were safe until the trouble was over.

They were right, too. Our places were never molested by soldiers of either side. Not only was the person of the foreigner sacred, but all parties respected his compound and spared the many hundreds of people sheltered behind its walls. Of course, we never took sides in these political wars. We were on good terms with the old governor and on just as good terms with his successor. There wasn't much to choose between them.

The situation was different during the Japanese occupation. The refugees rushed in as usual to be sure. The Japanese knew we were Americans and lived on American property. They respected our neutrality up to December 8, 1941, but they did not like it because Chinese sought refuge with us. According to them the Chinese ought to like Japanese

rule. If they didn't submit to it, they were Reds or perhaps enemies in hiding. Each Chinese had to carry an identification paper. It was called a "Liang Min Tseng" or "Certificate of Good Citizenship." We were bound to play the part of true neutrals, though that was a hard part to play. Here, in caring for refugees, we felt that we were being neutral, but the Japanese regarded it as unneutral. They felt that all our refugees should be out enjoying the benefits of Japanese rule. They constantly sent in orders for the refugees to come out. Perforce we had to repeat the Japanese commander's orders. But we did not feel that we ought to do anything to force them out, and our three hundred or more guests sat tight.

That was in the fall of 1939. The Chinese guerrillas had nibbled away at the force of five hundred Japanese which had captured Nodoa. They made hit-and-run raids on outlying posts; they ambushed cars and burned bridges. By this process of attrition the Jap force was reduced to less than three hundred. Then orders came for the Jap regulars to embark and take part in the invasion of Kwangsi. The holding force left in Nodoa was composed of Chinese puppet troops officered by Japanese. The guerrillas stepped up their attacks. The townspeople became more and more fearful. Then the Jap commander issued orders permitting any who wished to come into the American compound for safety. He did not ask our permission for that either. It was no longer a crime to live with the Americans! The people streamed through our gates and set up housekeeping everywhere and by that night our refugee population was about two thousand. Nodoa was now besieged and firing occurred almost nightly. On December 20th the Japanese force withdrew to the coast. Not one of our two thousand was killed or even wounded. Our people were now free, but for only seventy-seven days, alas!

It all goes to show that though the missionary is deter-

mined to take no part in politics, he may find himself up to the neck in it. He is in the situation to give a witness for his Lord and serve the Chinese people, but the very fact that he is a Christian and an American has political overtones.

Our Lord had foreseen the relationship between his messengers and those in authority. He foresaw the relationship between church and state and He forewarned us of what was to come. Jesus said, "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's." St. Paul said, "Let every person render obedience to the governing authorities, for there is no authority except from God." Does the Christian have to tread the narrow path of neutrality? Jesus has a rule for us: "Be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves." Do you see the power of friendly government wane and the wicked spread themselves as the green bay tree? Do not despair. You belong to the Kingdom which is eternal. Be upheld by His word: "My kingdom is not of this world."

THE MISSION AND THE CHURCH

THE MISSIONARY IS A PECULIAR SORT of person and he works in a peculiar way. Make note of this: The best kind of missionary is the one who works himself out of a job. The missionary is a pioneer. He leads the way to places where no one else has gone. He sows the seed, he opens hearts, he teaches old races new truths, using new methods. But when he has done his best, when the corner has been turned, and success is in sight, he fades away. His coming has made possible the church, but he does not plant the church. That is Christ's work. Christ said, "Upon this rock (of faith) I will build my church." But when the church comes into being the missionary, like John the Baptist, says, "He must increase but I must decrease."

This has been one of the hardest lessons for the missionary to learn. In the early days of missions, the missionary had to be everything and do everything by himself. It is no wonder he became the world's greatest individualist. After the pioneer stage was passed the missionary was still a busy and important man. European powers were carving out colonial empires in Africa and Asia. Missionary work took on some of the aspects of colonial administration. Now the world has been blasted by two great world wars and the day of colonialism is over. It means a new day for missions, too—a day when the church must increase and the missionary decrease. The

missionary is learning to be subject to the church which he used to tutor. The original missionary was individualistic and mission-centered; the present-day missionary must be church-centered and more Christ-centered.

Why was this true? Why were the early missionaries individualistic and so mission-centered? We may rest assured that mission-centeredness was not a matter of deliberate policy. Missions just grew up like Topsy. When local church leaders began to complain and some of the younger missionaries began to wonder why they did not get the results they were looking for, there came a time of "painful reappraisal" and missions were set on the right track.

You, the candid candidate, who have admired and idealized missionaries all your life, may ask, "How did they get that way?" I am in no position to give you a world-wide survey, but I can draw you a little pen-picture of the work of the mission in Hainan. What kind of a person was the pioneer missionary in that island? You may say that he was prepared to rough it and that was true. He had to be all things to all men, and that was true. He was versatile—in one person he combined the functions of doctor, minister, teacher, engineer and architect.

But he was more than that. To be a missionary at all he had to be a person of strong convictions. It took strong convictions for him to leave home and country and family and to give his life in service to a people of strange tongue and customs. It took strong convictions to leave America and it took just as strong convictions to buck the tide in China. Chinese are a conservative people, "set in their ways." Traditionally they have absorbed every race they ever contacted. The missionary came to China expecting the Gospel to change the Chinese, to turn the Chinese world upside down and make it a Christian world. It took strong convictions not to be ab-

sorbed by China and her age-old civilization. If the Chinese were set in their ways, perhaps the missionary just had to be set in his.

After the Boxer War westerners had much prestige in China and missionaries shared in this. The missionary also had power over the purse-strings. I don't mean they had power over Chinese money, only over mission money. You may exclaim, "What did that amount to? A few hundred dollars a year?" Yes, just a few hundred dollars a year, but what a lot of work that much money could do in prewar China! Everything used to be unbelievably cheap in China. One U.S. dollar exchanged for two Chinese silver dollars. This sum would pay the board of a schoolboy for a month in our boarding school. In 1946-48 tremendous inflation did hit China, but for a period of nearly fifty years the missionary received dollars from the United States which stretched and stretched.

Our hospital in Nodda was built in the nineties for less than two thousand Chinese dollars. But during the Japanese occupation it took more than that just to renovate it. In the "old days," ten to fifteen dollars a month was the salary of a grade school teacher. An evangelist's salary was fifteen to twenty dollars per month. You can see that if the Board provided only a few hundred dollars a year the mission station still could support a good staff of teachers, evangelists and hospital assistants. There was no way for the Chinese church to control these funds. In Nodda we had a Chinese pastor. But the organized church there had nothing to say about the boys' and girls' schools, the hospital or the outlying preaching places. The pastor was responsible just for the local church.

In Chinese eyes the mission was a remarkable institution. Here was a group of rich Americans (what American is not rich?) with a steady source of amazing wealth. Get on the right side of the mission and you are a "made man." The re-

sult was a very dependent social structure. I do not say "church," for the church in the station set-up was an adjunct of the mission. The station could function without the church, but if the mission withdrew all the wheels stopped. Being dependent is also a Chinese characteristic. In the old days a peasant family would educate one of the bright sons of the family. The son studied to pass the state examination and if he passed he won an official position. Then he not only supported his parents during their old age, but he educated his cousins and nephews and kept the whole clan going. In the mission station we find the whole staff dependent on the mission. The mission had to build houses for the pastor, teachers and nurses. It gave free tuition to all children of staff members. It provided "road cash" for the evangelists when they travelled. It gave free medicine to staff families. The list of such services became endless.

I could go on, but you can see, can't you, how the whole system grew up? The missionary came with a Gospel and a new way of life; a difficult way of life for the Chinese to grasp. To perform the service they came to render the mission set up schools and hospitals. The church was organized. Through the years a staff was built up. So long as the mission furnished the funds, the Chinese public looked on it as a "going concern."

But a change was needed and it came. Let us follow the careers of two purely fictitious characters, Peter Wang and Paul Chen, and perhaps we can trace the change.

Peter Wang was the son of a farmer out in the rocky, volcanic section of Hainan. He was educated as far as the local school system went—four years of primary school. He was a strong youth and his parents encouraged him to find work as a carrier. He frequented the local market and there "caught" loads of grain or other produce and made a little more than

his board by carrying a load of eighty pounds the distance of twenty to thirty miles a day. One day he met a tall American and the missionary took a liking to the lad and hired him to carry his load of tracts and Bibles. The Gospel seed was sown in the boy's heart. He heard the tall man's simple street talks when they stopped in the market towns. He read some of the tracts at night. He heard the missionary challenge the power of idols and learned to his surprise that the idols were really powerless. He heard the story of the Cross and one day he said, "Jesus is the Savior of the world and He is my Savior, too." It rejoiced the missionary's heart to hear his declaration, but it was a sad day for Peter when he told his family he was a Christian. They disowned him. Now he had to face the world alone. But the missionary continued to give him work and never lost interest in him. He suggested that he enter a Bible class. When training classes met in the station, Peter was enrolled. In all he had several months of training. He could now read the Bible fluently and he memorized hymns, but his singing was atrocious. He marked as a red-letter day the day that the missionary entrusted him with Gospels, Testaments and Bibles and sent him out on his own as a colporteur and gospeller. He found that his wages depended on his enterprise in selling. He was a zealous and eager colporteur. After a few years in this work, the missionary entrusted him further: Peter was given a year's instruction in the mission's school. He did study the 3 R's, but the heavy emphasis was on the Bible. So he became a full-fledged evangelist. The missionary proposed his name at mission meeting and he was enrolled among the evangelists at the princely salary of fifteen dollars per month. Now he was put in charge of a group of country chapels. Only a handful of believers came to worship at any one of these. They were too small and weak to organize into a church. By this time Peter had married and he and his family needed a

home. The mission gave him money to build a bedroom and kitchen for the family in the patio of one of the chapels. Each month Peter went to the station and made his report to the missionary and drew his salary and road cash. Peter was a loyal and hard-working servant of the mission all his years.

Paul Chen was a schoolboy when Peter was in his prime. His father was an evangelist and his grandfather a pioneer Christian in his village. In the mission we used to say that a first generation Christian did not differ much from his father. But a second generation Christian was different. Progress was noticeable. But with the third generation, you really had something. It was not a mere intellectual brilliance. Here was a new kind of man, made in a new mould. Paul Chen was third generation. Poor, of course, as were most of the Christians. During his middle school years he attracted favorable notice of the mission and they recommended him for a scholarship to Yeng Ching University in Peking.

He disappeared from our ken then, but reports came filtering back. During one summer vacation he came back to Hainan and our young people gathered round him like moths around a flame. Paul graduated with honors, but his yen for education was not quenched. Furthermore, he had heard God's call to the ministry. He asked the mission's help in entering seminary. The mission did so and Paul entered Nanking Seminary. There he was trained in all the skills of the preacher, evangelist and pastor. Because the people of Hainan are almost entirely rural, he took the courses recommended for rural pastors. The day of his graduation drew near, and the church in Hainan had a place for him, the strategic pastorate at Kiungchow.

It was a great day for the Synod of Hainan when Paul Chen was installed as Kiungchow pastor. The church, realizing that Chen would have commanded a high salary in official life or

with a commercial firm, offered him an adequate salary. It was much higher than any salary paid an evangelist or teacher. It compared favorably with the salaries of middle school principals.

Paul did not accept this call from the hands of the mission. His church was an organized church and he accepted their call from the hands of the moderator of Presbytery. The mission no longer loomed as the great and only Christian organization in Hainan.

In 1927 the mission had to temporarily withdraw from Hainan because of an early Communist upset of the peace of China. A number of Reds had infiltrated the mission staff and since the mission was no longer on the scene, they voiced their grievances. Some were puerile but others made the mission leaders pause. The result was a reappraisal of policy. The Church of Christ in China, which was still in short pants, was promoted and strengthened. Three Presbyteries, those of West Hainan, South Hainan and Hoihow and Haibak, were set up and these organized into the Synod of Hainan. Missionaries were ex-officio members of the Synod. But they refused to be moderators or take other responsibility. They would rather remain in the background. Power over the purse-strings was broadened. Previously the mission had set up an Administrative Board, on which sat six Chinese and five of the mission. This now became the Executive Committee of the Synod and was elected by the Synod. This committee had power to allocate all funds, either mission or local, except funds for the support of the middle school and hospitals.

The mission no longer assigned the work nor did it fix the salaries. The mission dropped this uncomfortable burden with a sigh of relief. Mission meeting was no longer a two weeks' meeting at which all the problems of the mission and the church were discussed and settled. It became a three days' in-

spirational gathering, much like a "retreat." The great spiritual issues as well as financial problems were settled in the annual Synod meeting. The mission, we should be charitable enough to say, had always been Christ-centered; now it was making the shift from mission-centered to church-centered.

So, unlike Peter Wang, Paul Chen did not regard himself as a servant of the mission but of the church—the Synod of Hainan—which would carry on whether the mission was on the field or not. Paul did not like the narrow quarters assigned the pastor so he bought a house in town. On his salary buying a house was not impossible, as it would have been for Peter Wang. Under his skilled leadership the church at Kiungchow made strides. For years the Kiungchow pastor had needed half or partial support from the mission, but Paul was now fully supported by his people's contributions. Chinese in the community recognized Paul as a civic leader and he became a member of various civic organizations, among them the first Rotary Club in Hainan.

Paul's relationship to the missionaries was far from servile. He owed a lot to their help and encouragement, to be sure, but they treated him as an equal and he felt like an equal. It was a new and encouraging relationship. Here they were together, American and Chinese, co-workers in the Kingdom. The mission began to fade. Christ had planted the church. The mission had nurtured it. Now, as it approached maturity, it would oversee the spiritual conquest of Hainan and thence reach out to the uttermost parts.

MISSIONARY FRUSTRATIONS

IN THINKING BACK OVER MY LIFE AS a missionary I think there was only one thing I did not look for. That was frustration! Suppose a man is a farmer in our Midwest. He may begin his career as a hired hand, but if he works and saves his money he can look forward to the ownership of many broad acres. He does not expect to be driven from his land by bandits or by soldiers of a different ideology. A lawyer may go into a law firm and with some confidence expect to find a living in law. He does not worry about what the Japanese or the Reds may do to him. So, too, a young minister in this country can look forward to being pastor in a growing community and building a church of size and influence. Not so the missionary. He must be prepared to drop out of the picture at any time, and his work is taken over by others or is stopped altogether.

In America we all love a hustler, but in the Far East a man must learn patience if he is to last. That means patience in the midst of the most unexpected frustrations. Take, for instance, this thing that happened to Judson in Burma. He had worked for years on a translation of the New Testament, only to find his work sneered at by educated Burmese. Finally he learned that the vocabulary he had been using was not the high-class vocabulary the learner used. His whole work was in slang—it was full of gutter terms which decent people did

not use. The interpreter he had studied with was possessed of a harshly anti-Christian bias, and he had deliberately given Judson the terms which caused the Burmese to shun his work.

So many missionary frustrations are connected with people. There comes a time in his experience when he says, "Whom in the world can I trust?" I remember a Chinese whom I respect very much saying to one of the mission, "Never trust a Chinese." Take this experience as typical: A servant finds the missionary's private seal on his desk. He gets a friend to write a letter to a merchant in which the missionary asks the merchant to give the bearer fifty dollars, charged the missionary's account. It is signed with the missionary's seal in red ink. The servant gets the fifty dollars and goes over the hill. The missionary has to pay.

Or take the case of Fak-su. He was a member of a poor family, but was very brilliant in school though erratic at times. One of the earliest middle school graduates from our station, he married the daughter of a rich merchant. After this he taught in a mission primary school for a year or more. Later he took some training at the Bible Institute and was recommended as an evangelist. Soon reports came in that he was neglecting his church duties and spent his time gambling. The missionary investigated, found that this was true and Fak-su had to be let out.

Such instances could be multiplied. Such discouragements drive the missionary to God in prayer. He learns that he must trust God and not man. Though some helpers are a disappointment, praise God there are those who are faithful. The missionary must not get cynical, but he becomes a more skillful judge of men—in time.

All missionaries in the Orient employ servants and it causes you to wonder. The man deals with coolies, carriers, janitors, carpenters and masons. His wife deals with the cook, the amah

and the gardener. Few missionaries have not had frustrating experiences with servants. Here I see that the candid candidate is trying to catch my eye. "Why should a missionary employ servants?" he asks. "Where does he find money with which to pay servants? We can't afford household help in America." Hold on a moment. We do have household help in America. Only they are depersonalized and we call them utilities. Our wash amah used to collect our clothes every morning and she did the washing in a tub, using nothing more complicated than a washboard. In the afternoon she ironed the clothes with a charcoal iron. Beside that she made the beds and swept and dusted. When the children were small we had another amah who was nursemaid to them. The cook went to the market at dawn and bought vegetables, eggs, meat and rice. He saved us money, for the farmers who sold produce would constantly overcharge a foreigner. The cook also sawed wood, kept up the kitchen fire and prepared the meals. He might cook on a native stove, but for years we had a cast iron stove from America. The third servant we often called "boy" though he might be as old as we. His principal work was carrying water. Every bit of water used in the kitchen, all that was used for washing, all the bathroom water, and all used on the garden had to be brought from the station well, brought up by a clumsy windlass, in buckets. Beside this heavy chore the "boy" waited on table and cultivated the garden. We paid our people about ten dollars a month each. That was thirty Chinese dollars a month or the equivalent of fifteen dollars in U.S. currency. How many families in America pay less than fifteen dollars a month for gas, electricity and water?

What was the alternative to servants? Do the work ourselves. That was just what we did when we were interned. Our domestic chores took most of the daylight hours. We might

have a free hour in the morning and another in the afternoon. If we had done all our work while we were in the mission, Esther would have had perhaps two free hours a day for missionary work. Then, too, the physical work would have ruined her health. American women in China break down in that humid climate if they engage in too much physical work. But the Board had sent us to China to do missionary work. That was what we were prepared to do. And we found plenty of it to keep us busy. Servants were cheap and plentiful in China. That seemed to be the most efficient way to get mission work done.

How often I heard Esther say that she would much rather do this or that herself than to teach the new "boy" to do it. There is no person in the world quite as green as a green village boy in China. When he begins his work he knows literally nothing about his duties. When he does begin his work he is a paragon if he does it your way and not his. The missionary wife works with him until she is thoroughly frustrated. One missionary wife asked her new boy if he had swept a certain room. Yes, he had just done it. So she inspected. "Did you sweep under the bed?" she asked. "Do you expect me to sweep there?" the boy asked, his eyebrows high in surprise. She looked next behind the door. "Did you sweep behind the door?" she asked. "She expects me to sweep behind the door!" the boy muttered darkly.

As time goes on, the boy, the cook and the amah catch on. They get encouragement from the mistress. They like to work with such a considerate person and they like to use those strange gadgets which come from America. The house routine moves along without so many hitches and bobbles. The time comes when the servants are not quite so frustrating. When you have their confidence the servants tell you their personal problems, and they are many. You do what you can

to help them. This interest gradually deepens into friendship. Some servants are jewels. They won't work for anyone but you and you come to regard them as part of the family.

A more serious frustration, perhaps, are the obstacles to the deepening of the spiritual life. We think of spiritual leaders as people of the mountain-top—a place to practice plain living and high thinking. But life in sub-tropical China is no mountain-top experience. It is a valley existence and you sometimes get bogged down in a swamp. On a mountain-top in America we get the thrill of wide vision; the nip in the air makes us glad to be alive. Our spirits commune with the God of nature whose marvelous works we see about us. But you can't get such thrills in China when you spend your time in dusty market towns thronged with people and fight the heat nine months of the year.

You decide to reserve time at daybreak for your quiet hour. You decide that a missionary's devotional life cannot be neglected. But dawn's early light is not a quiet time in China. Your Chinese neighbors have been up since three to pound rice and they beat your eardrums with their pounding. The ox-carts are also on the move and as their dry axles turn against the heavy carts, the screech is almost a banshee wail. Then comes a hail and the missionary is called out to count the bricks which the ox-cart has delivered. The quiet hour has been completely blasted.

And so it goes all through the day. If the missionary doesn't have a class, he has accounts. Accounts as we know them need not be irksome. But nothing seems simple in China. If you deal with money (and when don't you deal with money in China?) there are all kinds of money—big money and small money, Chinese, Hong Kong and American dollars and the rates of exchange between them. Accounts can be

endless. Then, too, the missionary has to check up on things. The schoolman must inspect dormitories in the hour between breakfast and the early class. The doctor has to inspect the wards. The builder must get the worker-count, keep track of the number of bricks bought, number of boards in the shed, and the weight of the lime. Then there is rice weighing. The mission has had to buy the rice, therefore you must weigh it out each day. We have weighed out rice for the school children, the hospital, the carpenters, the masons, the refugees and the training class. You either weighed it out as needed or it evaporated into thin air. Besides such regular duties there were numberless interruptions. "I must go, for the coolie called me," was a common remark.

How do you deepen the spiritual life? How can you HAVE a spiritual life in such a bedlam? How can you grow in spiritual wisdom when you live and work among a people who seem to have no spiritual life and do not understand spiritual things? These are the thoughts which come to you, but you are wrong. There are times when you go through deep waters and then you know.

There was a time in the spring of '41 when the invaders wiped out all the people in a nearby village—except one who escaped. Some of our Christians were among those slain. Esther can still repeat the prayer which Tai-Len made in prayer-meeting the night the news came to us. There was the time when Dau-Nam, the Limko pastor, and some of the "old boys" of our school risked their lives and came into the compound to see us, while the Japs patrolled outside the walls. We knew then the strength of the bonds between us. There was the first postwar Synod meeting which was held in August, 1946. There we met people from all the churches, some from one hundred miles away in Ngai-tsiu and others from

across the strait in the Haibak peninsula. Many we had not seen since 1938. Many among them had passed through tribulation for the cause. They were the tried and true.

For the thousands of missionaries whose field was China, there was the final, crushing frustration—the Red conquest of China. We were to be uprooted to be sure, but our change of plans cannot compare with the loss, anxiety and grief of our Chinese friends. In a few months some were plunged from position and wealth into poverty and homelessness. The Siang-Bok Normal College, a Nationalist institution, in prewar days had been located at Mukden. When Russia took over Manchuria they moved to Peking. When the Peking commander surrendered to the Reds they moved to Nanchang. Soon they moved again, this time to Canton and thence to Kiungchow. The Kheng-ha Middle School, though already crowded with a thousand students, made room for them and they spent one or two uneasy years with us in Hainan. In 1950 the Reds took Hainan, but Siang-Bok Normal had already gone by military transport to Formosa.

Our loss cannot compare with the losses suffered by many of our Chinese friends, yet the missionaries were frustrated enough. During 1949 and '50 God said no to a good many missionary petitions. Alice Schafer and Alice Carpenter had been cherishing mothers to the poor blind children in the Ming Sum School. They had to leave even though they feared their charges might be turned into the streets after they left. Dr. Nat Bercovitz was in charge of our 160 bed hospital in Hoihow. The Reds interned him and three others in the hospital quarters for two years and three months. Harriet Chu, a highly educated Chinese, was principal of the Pitkin Middle school of five hundred students. She thought there might be some way to carry on under the Communists. They imprisoned her in Kiungchow for two years, took her to Canton, and so far

as we know she is still in prison. Henry Bucher, who arrived in 1934, and Carl Blanford, both expert linguists and zealous evangelists, were in the postwar Hainan mission. Henry came home with his family in 1949 on health leave and he probably can never resume his work among the Chinese. Carl and Muriel Blanford stayed on in Hainan after the Communists took over, but before long Carl found that his evangelistic efforts were thoroughly curtailed, so they asked for and obtained exit permits. They went to Hong Kong and were re-assigned to Thailand and he carried on his evangelistic work among the Chinese there. We, too, had our frustration. The Synod of Hainan had assigned us to develop the agricultural department of the Pitkin School in 1947 and we had looked forward to the setting up of a Moga school for village leaders in Hainan. We came home on furlough in February, 1950. The Reds took Hainan in April that year. We lost one set of furniture and a library to the Japanese and another to the Reds. We have a right to feel frustrated if anyone has that right. But we are not.

We are not frustrated because God is not. Think of it—a frustrated God is a contradiction in terms, is it not? The Spirit may be grieved but how can God be frustrated? He knows the end from the beginning, He can bring good out of evil and He makes the wrath of men to praise Him. Therefore we are led to believe and firmly believe, that God is working His purpose out. So with joy and sorrow in our hearts we submit to His will.

God is working His purpose out and what is His will for China? There are many thousands of sincere Christians in China. Would God destroy them? No, for He has snatched them as brands from the burning; He must love them as He loves the apple of His eye. What then is His purpose? It must be discipline and not destruction.

I like the illustration I heard once from the "old China hand," Hal Clark. He said that in China when a farmer is about to plant rice, he prepares a small seedbed in one corner of his field. This he fertilizes, smooths off and seeds. He waters this plot while all the rest of the field is still dry. The tiny plants shoot up and form an emerald square in the corner of the field. Then the rest of the field is plowed, harrowed and flooded. By this time the new rice plants are large enough to set out. This is work for the farmer and his whole family. They wade knee-deep in the muddy field and set the little plants in rows. There comes a time when the farmer can't do any more in his rice field. He must let God's sun, water, soil, and wind perform their work. The farmer rests his faith in God, believing that his Father God will grant him a rich harvest by and by. So it has been with the mission. The seed has been sown in the seed plots, the field has been prepared and the plants set out. Now the mission can do no more. The mission is out of the picture, but we live on in hope of a harvest. God is working in the field.

I like to think of what is going on in China in terms of contest. Napoleon has said, "There are just two forces in the world, the sword and the spirit. In the end the spirit is victor." In China we may say there are the dragon and the cross. The dragon symbolizes for us the spirit of old China, proud, unbending and evil. The cross first appeared on the scene in the coming of the Nestorians to China in 643 A.D. In this struggle the cross has been up and then down. The dragon struck a blow with the Boxer Rebellion; the cross won a victory with the conversion of Chiang Kai Shek. Now that Communism has swept over China and Chiang is in exile in Formosa, we may say that the cross is down—but that is not the end.

"Oh, let me ne'er forget that though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the ruler yet!"

THE GOAL OF MISSIONS

THE MODERN PROTESTANT MISSIONARY movement began with the work of William Carey in 1793. He took to his heart the Great Commission: "Go ye and preach the Gospel to every creature." In the early 1900's John R. Mott and the Student Volunteer movement set up a banner which had written on it: "The evangelization of the world in this generation!" More than a generation has gone by and the work is not finished by any means, but this is God's work, and it will go on. Men are still answering God's call; the work may change its form but it will go on.

We are told we must forget some words. We grew used to the terms "home" and "foreign." Now we must use "national" and "overseas." The word "foreign" is under fire, not from the church, but it has aroused the ire of some strongly nationalistic peoples. Since the two world wars, nationalism has run like a prairie fire through many of the Asian countries. They felt that the foreign missions' arm of the church meant more than the spreading of the Gospel by American Christians. It meant an insidious attempt to invade and break down their culture. They were sure that converts accepted more than the Bible from their American teachers; they reasoned that converts would incline toward American ways and forget their national culture. This used to be a real problem in China,

but for obvious reasons isn't now. However, it is a problem in India. India became an independent nation in 1947. Since then the whole number of missionaries in India has increased by two thousand. This is a matter of great concern to Hindu zealots. They wish to be convinced that each new missionary admitted is going to be of service to the Indian people. They are willing to admit teachers, doctors, engineers and such. But it is hard to convince them that preachers of the Gospel will do any good in India. Only one or two Presbyterian missionaries have been refused entry into India. One of these was a youth worker. The mission was privately informed that the Soviets had asked for a visa for a youth worker at the time our worker applied. To avoid angering the Soviets, youth workers from every country were turned down, since India feared to allow more Soviet organizers to enter India.

So we are learning new terms. No longer is it "home" and "foreign," but "national" and "overseas." And missionaries on the field no longer refer to "home base" and "native church," but avoid treading on sensitive toes by saying "Older and Younger Churches," which is much more clubby.

In nearly every mission a process called "devolution" has been going on. That was what I described in a previous chapter as the mission decreasing and the church increasing. This process goes on until the mission as an organization is dissolved. From then on the missionaries work under the national church. They no longer administer schools and hospitals. No longer are they local pastors. They no longer ride a circuit of country churches. That does not mean there is no work for them to do. When the church takes the responsibility, it soon realizes that it needs all the help it can get. Requests for missionaries increase. There are missionary doctors in the hospitals. Missionary teachers are on the school staffs. Clerical missionaries are being used in evangelistic campaigns.

A big change has come in missionary thinking. No longer are they mission-centric; they are church-centric.

A recent development in our mission work proves the truth of this shift to a church-centric point of view. More than twenty years ago the missions in China had special funds for the training of substitute workers. That is, if a missionary was not available, a national might be given special training and be given that missionary's work to do. That was while the mission was still important. Now the Board has gone on training certain nationals, but not as a means of bolstering the work of the mission. This help is now frankly for the sake of the national church. These key leaders are brought to the United States on scholarships. A special secretary of the Board looks out for their interests. Thus, the Rev. Chang Park, a Korean pastor, was brought to this country, had one year at Biblical Seminary and the next at Princeton Seminary. This was in preparation for special service in Korea. Miss Monorama Guykwad, principal of a girl's school in India, is taking a year of training in the church's seminary at San Anselmo. Recently Solomon Saprid returned to Manila after his scholarship year in America. He is to do things in audio-visual education for the United Evangelical Church of the Philippines. Miss Maria Roble, a nurse, is also returning to her place on the Silliman University staff in the Philippines after her year of postgraduate work here. Training for these key persons cannot help but strengthen the younger churches around the world; and it also strengthens our bonds of fellowship in Christ.

Mission work may need to change its form again. If nationalism such as is present in India infects other countries, it may be next to impossible to send out "regular" missionaries. Then the call will be for lay service. Not that the new type of worker will not be a true missionary, but the witness will take

another form. These dedicated people will go out as needed—to serve as teachers, lecturers, agriculturalists, engineers, doctors, etc. But first of all they are Christians and their witness for Christ will be uppermost with them. This may be a “lay” witness, but it should be no less robust on that account. This form of work will take us back to the First Century when the Christians dispersed everywhere following the stoning of Stephen. They each gave their witness and it was like scattering fire among tinder. This was also the type of witness given by the Nestorians who entered China in 643 A.D.

The call is ever the same: “Go ye and preach the Gospel to every creature.” “As the Father hath sent me so send I you.” What far-off divine event is the goal of missions?

There have been milestones of victory along the way. Africa used to be known as the Dark Continent. Not only did people live there in darkness, but people of Europe and America were in great darkness as to what really existed in Africa. But Africa is a Dark Continent no longer since the stirring explorations of David Livingstone. Missionaries have helped to explore the unknown reaches of Africa, Tibet, China and Brazil. But exploration is never the goal of missions.

Not more than fifty years ago very few girls indeed were educated in China. They could see no use in sending girls to school. And it was not only China. Many other countries did nothing at all for girls. They grew up in ignorance and spent their lives in drudgery. Then missions came along and opened schools for girls as well as for boys. All over the world missions worked for the emancipation of women. As a result of the Christian witness, women have thrown off the veil in Moslem countries. In Japan women have risen from feudal serfdom till now they have the vote. Yes, missions did a great deal for the emancipation of the women of the world, but that is not the goal of missions.

During the war years Wendell Willkie made a flying visit to many of the allied countries. He reported a great reservoir of good will toward the United States, due to the good work of our missionaries. Our soldiers, sailors and airmen found a welcome among the former headhunters of the South Pacific, for missionaries had been there and now they were good church members. Korea always regarded the United States as a friend, for our missionaries had come to Korea as friends. Yes, missions have built up a reservoir of good will; they have increased understanding and opened doors for communication and trade—but these are not the goal of missions.

Christianity used to be known as the religion of Europe and America. Christendom's borders were rather constricted. That situation has changed. Protestant Christianity is now world-wide. The Christian church has been planted in every country of the world except three or four. Within the past year, I believe, one of those has been entered, Nepal, on the border of Tibet. Now when the church sits round the Communion table on the first Sunday in October, we think of our brethren in the Pacific isles beginning the day with their service and as the sun lights up Japan, Korea and China, they also partake, and so it goes throughout the day, until nearly every country has entered the mystic union. Bishop Temple has said that we see something new in our day—a world-wide fellowship of believers in Christ. This could not have come about within the work of missions. The church, the body of Christ on earth, is made up of those "called out" from the world. Missions have brought them the Word which called them out. Because missions are world-wide it was necessary to set up the International Missionary Council. Then this led logically to the World Council of Churches. One goal of missions is to bring in the day "when the knowledge of Jehovah shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea."

Another goal of missions is to bring nigh the return of our Lord and Savior. In Matthew 24:14, we read: "And this Gospel of the kingdom will be preached throughout the world, as a testimony to all nations, and then the end will come." The triumphant return of Christ is a blessed hope of every believer. It should give us a thrill to realize that our obedience to the Great Commission can help create the situation necessary to His return.

The work of missions is a blessed cooperation with Christ in His work of restoration. All mankind fell when Adam fell and the very earth has been cursed because of sin. But as in Adam all die, so in the second Adam all are made alive. Jesus saves us from sin and makes us new creatures. Not only that, but the whole creation is renewed. Romans 8:21 says, "Because the creation itself will be set free from its bondage to decay and obtain the glorious liberty of the children of God." The Scriptures tell us that Jesus in His return will restore all things. That is, a new mankind will inhabit a renewed world, free of the blight of sin, such as existed before the Fall. It is good for us to realize that the work of missions is now adding to the ranks of those who are born again who will be fellow citizens with us in the Kingdom which Christ is preparing.

Missions came about as an answer to Christ's great Command. The plan was not man's but God's. Yet we may say with truth: Missions is man's best way of expressing God's love for all men. A missionary is God's epistle to men. Paul says: "Ye are epistles known and read of all men." Better still a missionary is the ambassador of Christ. If a king or a president cannot himself go to some country, he sends an ambassador. The ambassador represents the head of his nation. Let us go back to that statement: "God had only one Son and He made Him a missionary." It is true, isn't it, that when we see Jesus we see God? Therefore, when we know Jesus we know God.

When we see what Jesus does we know that is what God would do. God has given to us a very wonderful work. We are to present Jesus to men. God is entreating men through us to receive Jesus and be reconciled to God. As ambassadors we bear His message of love: "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."

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